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THE
THREE SPIRITS.

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Three Spirits of the Sea

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THE THREE SPIRITS.

AND

Other Poems.

BY

ALFRED KNOTT.

LONDON:
GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS.
1856.

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TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY,

The following Poems

ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY PERMISSION,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S MOST OBLIGED

AND HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

IN placing the following Poems before the Public, the Author is not actuated by any vain confidence; he cannot but feel that he is a pigmy among the giant masters of song: yet he is hopeful that he may not only afford some pleasure to the lovers of verse, but also be privileged to aid, however slightly, the cause of progress.

The Compositions here submitted to the Public are the result of efforts in the few short intervals of leisure that fall to the lot of a working printer; they will be found to consist mainly of pieces now first published, together with a selection from such

of the Author's productions as have already appeared in print.

In conclusion, the Writer commits this little Work, with a trustful heart, to the patronage of his Friends and Society at large.

THE AUTHOR.

KINGSLAND,
JANUARY, 1856.

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THE THREE SPIRITS.

THREE potent Spirits o'er this lower world
Their high and mighty standards have unfurl'd ;
And three great voices, ringing through the air,
Summon all men with boldness to declare
Whom they will follow in the world-wide strife,
And who shall lead the course of human life.

In knightly arms all radiantly bedight,
With glitt'ring brand, and plume, and helmet bright,
Of mien that speaks one long used to command,
The first has taken upon earth his stand,
And seeks—in cautious phrase, delusive still—
To sway mankind to bow beneath his will.—
“ Look round, ye sons of men, and mourn to see
No more the glory-days of chivalry,
The gorgeous pageant's vanish'd like a dream,
Engulf'd for ever in Time's rolling stream ;—
Dimm'd is the faith, the holy faith of old,
And hearts have listless grown, and dull, and cold ;

Whilst, like reproachful spectres, silent stand
God's shrines, in crumbling ruins o'er the land.
Red-ripe rebellion shakes the startled world,
And thrones are from high eminences hurl'd,
And men have learn'd to scorn their rightful lords,
Yea, base-born churls have grasp'd at knightly
swords,
And leapt the bounds for lowly men design'd,
Boasting about nobility of mind.
Oh ! turn again, and learn of days gone by
The wisdom that can give stability ;
Tread ye the paths your fathers trod of old,
When, safe within her arms, one Church did
hold
The nations clasp'd, in bond of unity
That circled all, of high or low degree.
Then kings were lords, indeed, of regal might,
And people held in awe their sacred right.—
What would ye seek ? Sufficient to bow down
To priestly teaching and to kingly crown.
What would ye know ? Enough that order claims
Submission from the mass to noble names.
Bubbles ye chase ; they disappoint in vain ;
The like illusions lure you on again.
Come, then, and wisdom learn of ancient days,
And be ye emulous to win like praise.
Yield ye earth's empire, where alone 'tis due,
To Heav'n's appointed lords, the chosen few.
Cast all your new philosophies away.
Backward, ye nations, backward and obey !”

In sombre raiment gloomily array'd,
With brow that wears a melancholy shade,
And restless eye,—the index of a mind
That ever dreads some danger undefined,—
By life's highway, the second cries aloud,
Striving to stay the onward-moving crowd.—
“ Oh ! searchers vain for what ye ne'er shall find,
Pause, for an instant ; halt, and gaze behind.
Behold the countless vanities that strew
The plains of life that ye have journey'd through ;
Each in its morn a bow of promise bright,
But lost in clouds of black despair ere night.
Who now shall count the myriads that lie dead
Across the path your restless footsteps tread ?
Led by false Hope, they met, alas, their doom ;
Light after light eclipsed in death and gloom.
Will ye not read the awful lesson taught ?
The forward road is still with danger fraught.
For one who gains his end, ten thousand fall
Short of their mark, and with their hopes lose all.
Man is a creature of a fix'd decree ;
He has no pow'r to mould his destiny.
Stand by, then, and rejoice in that ye hold ;
Nor vent'ring seek, with spirits rashly bold,
Ways yet untrod and paths unknown to man.
Nor think the star of knowledge, in the van,
Leads only on to happiness divine,
For oft that orb does treacherously shine,
And men to want and death may fall a prey
Whilst that bright beacon gleams upon their way.

So rest ye here, with folded hands, and say,—
‘Sufficient is the evil for the day;’
Enjoy the good that others have obtain’d,
And revel in the spoils their battles gain’d;
And leave the morrow to the good or ill
With which the hand of Fate its cup shall fill.”

Of noble port, athletic limb, and eye
Whose gaze would seem to pierce eternity;
With robe loose-flowing round his sinewy form;
Fearless to face, and strong to brave each storm;
In his firm hand a steel of double might
And two-edged pow’r, the brand of Truth and
Right;
His starry banner to the winds unfurl’d;
With voice whose echoes rouse the slothful world,
And zeal like that untiring hermit’s bold,
Which moved the souls of men in days of old,
And Europe’s legions pour’d on Palestine,
To wrest from Paynim might the sacred shrine,—
Loudly the third exhorts men near and far.—
“Brethren, mine is, indeed, the holy war.
Up! arm ye now, for urgent is the day.
Awake, ye dreamers! rise, and come away.
Follow where I would lead, ere Error’s cloud
Enwrap your souls within its darkling shroud.
Backward ye must not look, nor grow supine,
If ye be worshippers at Freedom’s shrine.
Dire were the wars your fathers struggled through,
And those who fell therein were slain for you;

And whoso fears to guard their high bequest
Bears not one spark of manhood in his breast.
He who would rest 'neath Liberty's great laws,
Must well maintain her all-majestic cause,
Kingship and priestcraft keep within due bound,
And strive to spread free aspirations round
The rolling globe, till not one spot of earth
Shall serfdom own, or give a slave his birth.
Man is for progress made ; the upward way
Brings him the nearer to the Fount of day ;
And those who would the soul's great life enjoy,
And purge its gold from ev'ry base alloy,
Must seek for others what themselves would prize,
For in this much of happiness there lies.
Have ye of wealth a rich and ample hoard ?
Go forth, and see where Mis'ry walks abroad ;
Feed ye the hungry—clothe the naked form—
Shelter the homeless from the wintry storm—
Protect the orphan—comfort feeble Age—
Do battle with foul plagues malign that wage,
In castled filth, the livid war of death,
And slay their thousands with insidious breath.—
Ye who have minds well stored, go, add to this
The might of penmanship, to increase bliss ;
Take, from the depths of Truth's exhaustless store,
Jewels that myriads never saw before ;
Set them on high, in language golden bright,
And let them shed o'er earth a hallow'd light.
Onward, nor fear, ye wise laborious band,
Who tread the mazy walks of Science-land.

Great truths that glimmer'd dimly through the night
Of other times, now flood the world with light,
And give to noble men a deathless name,
Graved with a diamond on the scroll of fame.
What though the early grave too oft has claim'd
The fleshly form, in which so fiercely flamed
The fires of genius, that the soaring mind
Not long by earth's small circuit was confined,
But burst its bonds, and sought eternal spheres,
And great immensity, and endless years?
The gain was great to such, bereaved mankind
The mourning losers whom they left behind.
Happy, indeed, those souls beyond compare!
Who would not Death, with all his terrors, dare,
To quit the earth in chariot of like bliss,
And for immortal life depart from this?—
And oh, ye lovers of eternal souls,
Where'er the glad sun beams or ocean rolls,
Lend all your wealth, your talents all combine,
With zeal unwearied, that the light may shine—
(The everlasting light of God's true word,
The message that the millions have not heard)—
On the dark places where, in shadow throned,
Death, for long ages, has triumphant own'd
An empire broad, on Sin's foundations built,
Guarded by Error, and maintain'd by Guilt.
Children of men, in ev'ry grade, unite,
And I will lead you in the sacred fight.
Mountains of wrong shall not exclude the day;
My charmed blade shall for you clear the way;

And when ye gaze upon the progress made,
Danger and trouble shall be well repaid.
Nations, to earth that yet remain unborn,
At noon shall bless your efforts in the morn ;
Yea, your own children shall your praise rehearse,
On hist'ry's page, or in the poet's verse.
Onward ! the God of all awaits to bless
Those who with Truth and Right seek happiness.
Upward ! the way lies there to bliss above,
Crowns in high heav'n, and everlasting love !”

Who, among all the countless tale of souls
That people earth, as through the deep it rolls,
Shall dare to lift his voice on high, and boast
He will not swell the ranks of either host ?
E'en as he stands, he bars the passage on,
And casts a shadow where a sunbeam shone.
None can be neutral ; all must take a part
In the strong pulses of the world's great heart.
Then wisely choose the bright and holy way,
And join the bands of Progress that array
The heav'nward flight of earnest souls who speed,
On eager wings, to better things indeed,
Whose goal of glory, at the last, shall be
The circling years of blest eternity.

ON
THE DEATH OF MR. ROGERS,
THE POET.

ROGERS is dead ! Not like the early buds
Of Genius, nipp'd by cold adversity,
Or by the hectic canker of disease ;
But, in a ripe old age, calmly lain down
To sleep away, in peace, the night that links
His death-eve with the resurrection morn.
Change after change, in long unceasing line,
Still length'ning out, make up the tale of life ;
And few have mark'd so many and so strange
On earth, as the dead poet of to-day.
War upon war, thrones overturn'd, and kings
Shorn of their state, and fugitives abroad ;
Ruin and desolation among men ;
And then, anon, order and light divine
Quelling the surging chaos, putting down
Misrule, and founding kingdoms all anew.
Yet, 'midst the varied phases of the world,

His course of life flow'd gently, smoothly on,
Until the beauteous stream fell, at the last,
Into eternity's wide-spreading waves.
Rest from thy labours now, thou ancient man,
Thou gen'rous-handed, lib'ral-hearted soul;
Still dost thou live in many a happy line.
Not ponderously great thy fame poetic,
Not fiery-brilliant, nor of meteor glare,
But clear and quiet flows thy charming verse,
Like limpid waters 'neath Italian skies,
Bearing thy readers on, in Pleasure's prow,
Lull'd by the cadence of the singing stream.
Thy weight of years we well might think thee glad
To shake into the grave, yet who that cons
Thy magic thoughts, but with a sigh will say,—
“ROGERS is dead! alas!”

SEVASTOPOL.

THOU rock-built terror of the Euxine sea,
That proudly thought an empress thou shouldst be,—
The nations ruling with an iron reign,
The millions binding with thy galling chain,—
How art thou fallen from thy regal seat,
Thy ruin dire, thy overthrow complete !
Thy sword is broken, and its long-tried steel
In fragments lies beneath Britannia's heel ;
From thy high throne the Gaul has cast thee down,
And trampled all the jewels of thy crown ;
Four hostile flags above thy remnants float—
So many nations at thy vitals smote ;
The doughty fleet that in thy stony keep
A refuge sought lies rotting in the deep,
Fit fate, indeed, for such a vain parade,
Of mighty bulk, and empty boasting made,
Foremost to strike when none could ward the blow,
But daring not to meet a noble foe ;
Thy tow'rs of strength lie smould'ring by the wave ;
Each pleasant place is now a full-mouth'd grave ;

Thy gold is tarnish'd, and thy beauty fled ;
Thou hast a name—but only with the dead,
And men pronounce it like a word of doom,
As they would read the record on a tomb ;
Vengeance hath o'er thee pour'd her awful flood,
And thy bright glory-star is quench'd in blood.—
Yet well and bravely didst thou play thy part,
With stubborn courage and consummate art,
And like that earth-born giant famed of old,—
Whose wonder-story yet by men is told,—
Who ofttimes stricken down before his foes,
With new-born vigour unsubdued arose,
Till high in air, within his death-strong arms,
The Theban hero foil'd his mother's charms ;
So, to the iron circle's horrid brunt,
Thou didst present a solid, frowning front,
And the wide havock war had made by day,
Thou nightly didst repair and clear away,
And still, from flaming mouths, with red rage, sent
The volley'd shot and bursting shell that rent
The chain of death, which close and closer wound,
Like python fell, thy doomed strength around.
Nor wanted sallies fierce, by thousands made,
With deadly rifle and with vengeful blade,
And oft when Night her sable wings had spread,
Then issued forth that armed angel dread,
Remorseless Death, and glitter'd in his hand —
The fatal gift of Sin—his life-red brand,
The same that, in an hour of justice, slew
The mailed might of Asshur's vaunting crew ;—

(Lord paramount is he on plains of strife,
Where wasteful flows the ruddy tide of life,
Though but a part of his dominion wide,
For all the world he holds in thrall beside,
And wheresoe'er a dying heart may be,
There, dark-brow'd monarch of mankind, is he.)
Before his steps there went thy stealthy bands,
The leagu'ring foe to slay with ruthless hands ;
But western valour slept not at its post,
Nor quail'd before the onslaught of each host ;
Then blows were struck that make the blood run
 chill,
To think how men like blood could freely spill ;
And deeds were done that make the life-tide
 hot,
And hearts grow envious of the victors' lot :
Yet when the Titan sun arose anew,
His joyous journey blithesome to pursue,
And the dark steeds of sombre Night had fled,
Before his orient beams, with hasty dread,
He found thy fiery forces driven in,
Thy walls still compass'd by the horrid din,
That, from a thousand belching throats, did pour
The iron hail, on which Destruction sure
Rode,—as she rides the simoom's burning breath,—
Encircled with the smoky shroud of death.

Nor yet alone by life-destroying sword
That angel dark maintain'd him king and lord :
In that black warrior's train, two spirits dire
There went, more fierce than even human ire ;

The first, a grisly spectre, gaunt and grim,—
No mercy-thought had ever dwelt with him,—
With glaring eye, and wide-extended jaw,
And Hunger lean couch'd in his rav'nous maw,
Woe to the hapless wretch that e'er became
His hopeless prey ; dread Famine was his name.
His fellow wore a foul distorted form,
With visage low'ring as a thunder-storm,
His loathsome fingers were as poison'd steel,
Their very touch was oftentimes death to feel,
And few were ever fairly in his grip,
And had the fortune fair the same to slip ;
Dark Pestilence was his ill-omen'd name,
And men in myriads died where'er he came :
And now, as oft, they had their pow'r combined,
To wreak their fury upon humankind ; [frown,
Whilst leagued with them came Winter's frozen
With all the stormy terrors of his crown.
Like rav'ning wolves, they leapt thy fenced walls,
And made their might felt even in thy halls ;
But most upon the hostile camp there fell
The wasting ravage of their potent spell,
And chiefly where the British legions lay,
In "hope deferred" through many a weary day ;
And gallant men, like leaves in autumn hour,
Fell fast before that trio's fatal pow'r,
And as the darkly rolling clouds of night
Sweep on and hide the brilliant stars from sight,
So, one by one, brave souls were snatch'd away,
And deathly darkness gather'd day by day.

Oh ! deep the dye, the scarlet hue of shame,
That, Britain, rests upon thy statesmen's fame,
Who sent thy sons across the ocean waves,
And left them, then, to dig untimely graves,
Oft fated not to strike one glory-blow
Against the world's and Freedom's crafty foe.
Patient they bore their crushing weight of woe,
And of each other ask'd, " Doth England know ?"
Till tardy aid, long pray'd for, came at last,
But not till thousands of the brave had pass'd,
True to the last, the portals of the grave,
Their dying care fair honour still to save,
A band of hero-souls, whose deathless fame,
Like glory-wreath, surrounds their country's name.
And here a tribute would I pay to those
Who, sympathizing with their bitter woes,
With gather'd gold and stores of varied kind
Alleviation sought for them to find ;
Though such were dearly bought by those who bled,
Still patriotism to those efforts led,
And noble they, who, for their country's weal,
Give of their substance, and with ready zeal :
But most, all honour to that gentle band,
Who left their homes in England's peaceful land,
Their nursing care and soothing aid to yield
To those disabled in the trench or field,
Disease and danger nerved by love to dare,
To smooth the restless pillow of despair.

Nor lack'd there also conflicts sharp and sore,
Where myriads met, and shook, with deaf'ning roar

And rushing charge, the earth on which, elate
With battle rage, they strove with deadly hate,
When giant War his crest with thunder plumed,
And all his crimson horrors then assum'd ;
From Alma's op'ning fight, so bravely won,
Where many gallant deeds of arms were done,—
And that misguided charge, yet daring tale,
Which lustre gives to Balaklava's vale,
When twice three hundred men, world-fame to win,
The *Ætna* of the Russian wrath leapt in,—
And famous Inkermann's great glory-day,
Where threescore thousand foes were kept at bay
By Britain's sturdy sons, and made to feel
The deadly terrors of the Bayonne steel,—
To Traktir's reeking banks and life-dyed ford,
Where brave Sardinia flesh'd her maiden sword,
And the stout Gaul the foe by hundreds hurl'd
Over the confines of the living world.

But stoutly though thy bristling bulwarks stood,
Like rocky mounts amid a raging flood,
Yet, as when madden'd waves of ocean beat
And foaming lash some tall cliff's crumbling feet,
Till, wildly toppling headlong from the skies,
In ruin vast, within their arms it lies ;
Or, as some forest beast, with cautious pace,
Pursues the fated object of his chase,
Till, with one mighty bound, his long-sought prize
Beneath his foot a helpless victim lies ;
So, slowly, but as surely, day by day,
Thy foemen drew the toils around their prey ;

By sap, and trench, and bolted thunder's play,
Thy outer works fell one by one away,
Through much of fiery fighting from thee won,
But most that hill renown'd, the Mamelon,
Till came the fierce assault which laid thee low,
To rise no more from that great overthrow.
Ten months of strife had well-nigh pass'd away,
And closer, deadlier grew the mighty fray,
So near, that oft the Gaul's or Briton's guard,
Which kept before thee nightly watch and ward,
A few short paces from them could descry
Thine armed bands all vigilantly lie,
So small the space that oft-times there may be
'Twixt life and death, time and eternity.
For thrice ten days, the batt'ring iron fell
Upon thee, like a fury-storm from hell ;
Six hundred men were daily smitten down,
Amid the burning ruins of thy town.
Three days of horror follow'd fiercer far,
As the wild raging tempest of the war
Approach'd the climax of its awful pow'r,
And nearer drew dark Desolation's hour,
Whilst monstrous engines, multiplied around,
Blacken'd the sky and shook the rocky ground,
With vaster strife than e'er the trembling world
Had seen since War his banner first unfurl'd.
As when Vesuvius from its crater casts
Its stony vomit, and with ruin blasts
All that the burning torrent would oppose,
Which from its boiling cauldron molten flows,

So neither man nor rampart might withstand
That iron flood, flame-rolling o'er the land,
Which souls by thousands, like a deluge, bore
Beyond the limits of life's utmost shore.

It rose at last, that morn of deathly gloom
That with it brought, Sevastopol, thy doom ;
And as the elements with rolling rage,
Around some Alpine peak, their black war wage,
One instant lull, the next in fury dash,
With lightning fork'd and bursting thunder-crash,
And rend in twain the mountain's kingly crown,
And send the riven crags the valleys down,—
There was, at noon, a moment's pause, and then
On rush'd that hurricane of living men ;
By hundreds and by thousands fierce they came,
Thy mounds and tow'rs to them the goal of fame ;
Though fast mow'd down before the scythe of War,
Their place was fill'd by hundreds, thousands more ;
Like some dark locust-cloud, in eastern land,
No pow'r can stay, no obstacle withstand,
So onward swarm'd, with fiery-footed tread,
The living o'er the dying and the dead,
And burst thy barriers like a roaring tide,
And mightily assail'd thy warlike pride.
But entrance thus by desp'rate valour gain'd,
By long-tried courage had to be maintain'd,
And, in the Great Redan, the British found
The leaden rain of death fall thick around,
Themselves exposed before a shelter'd foe,
Who ev'ry moment did more num'rous grow,

In masses hast'ning to the deadly fray,
Whilst they like snow were melting fast away;
For two dread hours they held that awful strife,
Where gallant Windham bore a charmed life,
Then from their hold reluctantly they turn'd,
For their worn remnant still with valour burn'd.
But Gallia's host with better fortune fared,
And kept what they to seize had nobly dared,
Though thy stern warriors, loth to let it go,
In burning battle met th' invading foe;—
As two great bison bulls, in open plain,
For mastery their mighty sinews strain,
And raging gore each other's smoking hides,
Till one deep gash the conflict sore decides,
So strong they strove, till — fiercely backward
borne,
And the last hope of vict'ry from them torn—
Thy war-rent columns slowly left the field,
Too weak to win, unwilling yet to yield,
And the great work of that red day was done—
The world-renowned Malahkoff was won!
But, as a crafty fox full well provides
A safe retreat, when evil chance betides,
Lo! o'er thine harbour broad a passage made,
A bridge of boats in chain-link'd roadway laid,
O'er which, despairing to retrieve that day,
With sullen steps, thy thousands took their way,
To seek a refuge in their northern tow'rs,
Till Freedom's champions drive from thence their
pow'rs:

But, as they went, with suicidal hand,
With havoc vast they shook the startled land,
Fort after fort, with thunder-burst arose,
Like mighty giants in their last death-throes,
And lit with lurid glare the face of Night,
And tinged her raven wings with awful light.
When the bright beams of morn arose, they found
The handiwork of War wide strewn around,
And thou, once queen of all the Crimean soil,
A shatter'd ruin and a war-won spoil.
So perish all the holds of despot-power ;
Such fell destruction mark their final hour ;
So may they fall before the conqu'ring might
Of Freedom, smitten with her sword of light ;
And may that tyrant lord whose stubborn will
Pours o'er the earth such mighty floods of ill,
Ere long behold his stony Baltic trust
By western warriors humbled in the dust.
The war we wage against this potent czar
Is that our fathers dimly saw from far—
The strife of light array'd 'gainst barb'rous might—
The war of Wrong in arms 'gainst Truth and
Right.

Be strong, O England ! if the foe be great,
The greater honour on the victors wait.
Be valiant, France ! and nerve thee for the
blow ;

Couch thy stout lance, and lay the dragon low
That bars the world in her bright upward track,
And seeks to drive Regeneration back.

Oh ! fadeless be the wreath, that Glory's hand
Twines for the conqu'rors on that distant strand ;
Nor Glory's chaplet only be the meed
By Britain to her valiant sons decreed,
But honours such as England can bestow,
That in no worthier channel e'er can flow.

And now my Muse, with mournful heart, would
pay
To the brave dead her tributary lay.
If ever men should shine on Glory's scroll,
Through all the years which Time has yet to roll,
Then they should live, who for their country bore
The brunt of warfare on that fatal shore.
My verse forbears to single out each name
Wide trumpeted around the world by Fame,
For many nameless heroes, brave as they,
Sleep all unknown beside their honour'd clay ;
But high or low, they well perform'd their part,
And deeply live in ev'ry British heart,
And shall do so, though "not one stone should
stand
Upon another," in the Tartar's laud,
To mark the spot where stood, in stately pride,
Sevastopol beside the surging tide.

GOLD.

IN ev'ry realm, 'neath ev'ry clime,
As onward rolls the course of Time,
The Golden God, with fatal sway,
Allures the souls of men away,
And as of old, so is it still,
"The love of Gold 's the root of ill."
So dark the acts, of deepest woe,
Which from this idol-worship flow,
That earth's worst evils seem to meet
And centre round that idol's feet,
Where innocence and truth are sold,
For crime, and guilt, and sordid gold ;
For Mammon's vot'ries oft have done
Deeds foul as any 'neath the sun,
Yea, empires have been overturn'd
To feed the lust that in them burn'd—
As when the Spaniard cross'd the main,
The warlike Aztec's wealth to gain,
Or stern Pizarro drew the brand,
To rob the Inca of his land.

The midnight ruffian bares his blade,
And whets it in that idol's shade :
The gamester to it lifts his eye,
And shakes aloft the fatal die :
The sons of pride and fleshly lust
Bend low before it, in the dust ;
They know the pow'r that wealth can give
To those who for the present live,
And though—as life's bright fires decay,
And youth and vigour ebb away—
The passion-chains that held them bound
In broken links may fall around,
And loose their mast'ry o'er the mind,
The greed for gold oft stays behind,
And mounts the vacant throne, to rule,
With iron rod, the aged fool.—
Gaunt Av'rice opes his coffers wide,
And though fair fortune's gleaming tide
May fill those coffers brimming o'er,
Insatiate still, he craves for more,
And—like that harden'd Indian plain
That never drinketh dew or rain,
And so, when all is fertile round,
A barren fruitless waste is found—
Unloved, unloving, and unblest'd,
Nor of one gen'rous spark possess'd,
But sternly deaf to ev'ry plea
That Mis'ry makes, on bended knee,
With stony heart and close-shut hands.
A curse and blot 'mongst men he stands.---

Nor these alone are darkly found
The god of Gold to gather round,
But Vice, in ev'ry form and mien,
In that assembly may be seen,
For she has raised a great stronghold
Among the worshippers of Gold.

Yet as, in Libyan wilderness,
The weary trav'ler finds, to bless
His parching lips, some limpid spring,
Through green oasis murmuring,
And rests beneath the grateful shade
By spreading leaves of palm trees made,—
So from this picture, dark and drear,
We turn to one of hopeful cheer ;
For as, in Dura's idol-plain,
The regal mandate proved in vain,
So men are found who, even now,
To golden gods refuse to bow,
Accounting wealth as only lent
By the All-wise, with good intent,
Not wantonly to be abused,
But in good service to be used ;
Who, largely bless'd by God above,
Are made dispensers of his love,
Through whom to others constant flows
The bounty He on them bestows,
And, whilst high Heav'n o'er the world
Love's sacred ensign keeps unfurl'd,
Work goodly deeds beneath its folds,
That ofttimes God alone beholds ;

Who never turn the foot aside,
Wherever want or woe betide,
But feed the hungry, clothe the poor,
And the bless'd oil of comfort pour
Upon the spirit, bruised and weak,
That Mercy's healing fount would seek.
Ah! would that there were more like these,
Who live not self alone to please;
And oh, that men would keep in view
This solemn maxim's teaching true—
"That nothing to the world we brought,
And, when we quit, can take out nought;"
But even leave each mortal frame
To sleep in dust, from whence it came,
Till the dread summons rouse the dead,
From earthy grave or ocean bed:
Then more of heav'n, and less of hell,
Among the sons of men would dwell.

The God who rules the rolling earth
Has never cursed it so with dearth,
But that it bears enough for all,
Though blighted crops sometimes befall;
But if his stewards be unjust,
And men prove faithless to their trust,
And selfish hearts, all mean and cold,
But struggle for this bauble Gold,
How can it be, but want and woe
Shall pace the round world to and fro?

LAYS OF PROGRESS.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE.

GATHER thy robe about thee, ancient year,
 And, with a solemn-sounding tread, depart.
 Much thou hast done to crown thy days with glory,
 And t' give a lasting lustre to thy fame ;
 Yet also much that must bedim thy joy,
 And load thee with the burden of regret.
 The deeds of freemen, done in battle fierce
 Or weary siege, for thee have won a name
 That shall stand out, amidst Time's progeny,
 Like a huge rock upon a boulder'd plain.
 Nor dost thou lack the works of patriot love,
 In acts of grateful charity bestow'd
 Upon the relics of the brave who fell,
 Quitting the scabbard flesh like flashing swords
 Unsheath'd in Freedom's just and noble cause.
 Surely and swiftly, too, has there been clear'd
 Vast tracts of evil weeds, and sown broad-cast
 The precious seeds of plants of goodly use ;
 Yea, many have sprung up, vig'rous and fair,

And bend with luscious fruits, to bless the souls
That hunger'd were, and knew not where the tree
Of knowledge stood, for all to take and eat.
Freedom, Philanthropy, Morality,
Progress, and smiling Hope, stretch forth their
 hands,
And bless thee, as thy feeble steps depart.
Yet can we not forget the world's peace broken,
By one ambitious will, and war's wild flood
Let loose upon mankind, and deep-dug graves
That swallow'd up our chosen mighty men,
Dear to their country, dearer still to those
Who, fatherless or widow'd, weep—their lamp
Of hope burnt out—the loved who come no more.
Pass on old year; and may the new one bring
A speedy peace, and good will circled round
The world, with linked brotherhood of nations,
So firm, that none shall dare to break the chain.

MY WISH.

OH! had I but as ample means
As is my heart-wide wish,
In ev'ry nook of misery
I'd plant a tree of bliss;
No mouth should need that I could feed.
Unclad no one should be,
And gaunt-eyed Want should cease within
My happy sphere to be.

No sun should ever set and leave
 Behind a houseless head;
No midnight streets should echo with
 The homeless wand'rer's tread;
The biting wintry winds might come,
 And find no shiv'ring prey,
For I would spread a couch to rest
 The weary on their way.

No merry season, when it came,
 Should share, with partial hand,
Its gush of joy unequally
 Throughout the yearning land,—
All sunshine for the rich and gay,
 While Envy, like a shroud,
Round Poverty's chill heart enwrapp'd
 Her black and cheerless cloud.

Oh! had I but as ample means
 As is my heart-deep wish,
In ev'ry nook of misery
 I'd plant a tree of bliss;
I'd pour a stream o'er barren hearts,
 Fresh from the springs of truth,
And germs that long had buried lain
 Should burst in vernal youth.

I'd lift each darken'd soul above
 This world of dull decay,
And bid it gaze, with eagle eye,
 On God's eternal day;

I'd teach it how, strong in his might,
 With Sin and Death to cope,
 And cheer it on its living way
 With everlasting hope.

The fetters of the Mind should lie
 In rust beneath her feet,
 And Crime should be a spectre dark
 We never more should meet ;
 A universal brotherhood
 Should o'er the world prevail,
 And heav'n's immortals, in their hymns,
 The wond'rous change should hail.

“UPWARD AND ONWARD STILL !”

This and the two following Pieces were written to promote the establishment of “The Compositors’ Library and News-rooms.”

WE stand beneath the banner broad
 That Progress has unfurl'd,
 And onward tread the spirit-march
 That wakes the slumb'ring world ;
 Where'er that oriflamme may lead,
 We'll follow with free will ;
 Its motto shall our watchword be—
 “Upward and onward still !”

There is no stronghold but must fall
 Before the bright array
 Of those whom Progress leads along
 The onward, upward way ;
 Corruptions cease and evils die,
 Good takes the place of ill ;
 For hark ! our stirring watchword is—
 “Upward and onward still !”

If back we look, 'tis but to mark
 What we have battled o'er,
 And thereby gather greater strength
 For that which lies before ;
 Then gird our loins, and to the task
 Lend hand, and heart, and will,
 Our animating watchword this—
 “Upward and onward still !”

The upas-tree is doom'd at last,
 That flourish'd 'midst us long ;
 The ground we clear for healthful things,—
 Work, willing hands and strong !
 The leprous spot shall yet be clean,
 For ev'ry heart doth thrill,
 Responsive to the glorious words—
 “Upward and onward still !”

We are the men who fashion out
 The works of godlike mind,
 And send the priceless treasures forth,
 To benefit mankind ;

And shall we be the last to reap
The harvest of our skill?—
Forbid it, for our watchword is—
“Upward and onward still!”

If we would see the full-ear'd grain,
Must we not sow the seed?
And oft the germ of progress lies
In books of worth to read:
If good dwell not in human hearts,
Evil the void will fill;
Then give us books, that teach the path
“Upward and onward still!”

“Upward and onward!” fellow men,
And let this watchword sound
Wide as the circle of the earth,
And gird the world around;
All souls that yearn for noble ends
This mission must fulfil;
Eternity's deep echoes call—
“Upward and onward still!”

OUR LIBRARY.

WE've laid hands on the plough, and back must
not now
E'en look, or once think of returning;
Nor yet narrow the scope of th' visions of Hope,
O'er which we so long have been yearning.

There's a work to be done—a goal to be won—
A prize of high worth lies before us ;
And old Time will not stay, so work while ye may ;
The Spirit of good smileth o'er us.

There are men to be taught that knowledge is
fraught
With treasures well worthy the winning ;
But whoever would find, must bear this in mind—
The mightiest end has beginning.

There are spells yet to break, and men to awake
From darkness in which they now slumber ;
There are cords of the heart, if touch'd, would
impart
Full many a heavenly number.

And all help ye can lend, though small, yet shall tend
To further such high consummation ;
For what ends we might view, if each one would do
His best in his own generation !

Oh ! then, bring to the shrine of Wisdom divine
Your gifts, as ye can, and are willing,
From the tome of great store of classical lore,
To th' "readable book" worth a shilling.

And the works of those men, the lords of the pen,
Whose thoughts are bright gems worth the
keeping ;
With the words of the wise, whose counsels we prize,
Though long in the tomb they've lain sleeping.

For the Printer's the man who should in the van
 Of progress be guiding his brother ;
 And our Library scheme is no fitful dream,
 If truly we stand by each other.

“LET THERE BE LIGHT!”

“LET there be light!”—so ran th' Almighty word,
 And the wide universe the mandate heard ;
 Back roll'd the clouds from off the murky deep,
 Where Chaos lay in toss'd and troubled sleep ;—
 “And there was light,” where darkness late had
 reign'd,
 And undivided empire had maintain'd ;
 Then dormant Nature, at her Ruler's nod,
 Leap'd into life, obedient to her God,—
 The lofty mountain, and the verdant plain ;
 The fruitful valley, and the teeming main ;
 And last, the masterpiece of all around,
 Rose man, on earth his Lord's vicegerent crown'd.

* * * * * * *

“Let there be light!”—oft hath the summons rung,
 When o'er the world some direful curse has hung ;
 When suff'ring nations gasping drew their breath,
 And darkly low'ring clouds were black with death ;
 When War, red-handed, shook his fiery scourge,
 Till kingdoms trembled to their utmost verge ;
 When Pestilence outspread her raven wings,
 O'er peasants' cots and palaces of kings ;

Or Famine strode the earth with fatal tread,
 And rav'ning fed upon the very dead :—
 “And there was light ;”—brown Autumn cloth'd
 each field,
 And Want expired before the bounteous yield,
 Whilst eager Earth uprose, with joy, to greet
 The echoes of returning Plenty's feet ;
 Or Pestilence, on hasty pinions, fled
 To the fierce borders of some desert dread ;
 Or War beheld the gushing, lustrous flood,
 And cowl'd his head, and hid his hand of blood.

“Let there be light !”—again that order came,
 When Knowledge was on earth a flick'ring
 flame,
 And cobweb legends, fabled as divine,
 Had dimm'd the gold and silver of its shrine ;—
 Then, Samson-like, the Art Divine arose,
 With might to grapple with the deadliest foes ;
 “And there was light ;”—a wondrous light that
 spread,
 A living flame that call'd to life the dead ;
 A tongue of fire, by which great patriots spoke,
 Who scorn'd the trammels of a tyrant yoke ;
 Historians, poets, by this light have shone,
 And its bright wings salvation rides upon ;
 Like the broad sun, it shineth full and free,
 From east to west, from north to southern sea,
 And ev'ry darksome spot upon the earth
 Shall yet, rejoicing, bless its glorious birth.

Lo, there is light!—the noonday beams around
Children of men why walk in gloom profound?
Why doubtful tread the dang'rous paths of night,
And close your eyes against this guidance bright?—
And you, ye sons of Typographic Art,
Ope wide the portals of each earnest heart;
Let light shine in, abound, and nourish there
The good, the true, the beautiful, and fair;—
The light of Truth, whose penetrating ray
Drives from the soul all mists and clouds away,
Destroys each weed, how rank soe'er it grows,
And makes the waste to “blossom as the rose;”—
The light of Love, that genders in the mind
That zeal which seeks the good of all mankind.—
Low in the dust the serpent lies at last,
That erst its loathsome coils around you cast;
With limbs unfetter'd, in the social race
Ye seek a foremost, honourable place;
Progress your watchword, Wisdom for your guide,
Go on, nor fear, to stem each adverse tide;
Your zealous labours shall be duly crown'd;
The blossom's set—the fruitage shall abound;
The gold ye freely spend shall surely pay
A rich per centage, at no distant day;
And other crafts, by your example led,
Shall follow in the onward path you tread.

UNION

A WONDROUS shield is Union
Against the world's rough weather :
Oh ! what shall harm us, if we do
But firmly band together ?
Then world-waves, in their tempest might,
Though round us wildly dashing,
We 'll heed no more than if they were
But April raindrops splashing.

Creation hangs on Unity ;
And did the chain once sever,
Black Chaos might resume his reign,
And hold it, ay, for ever.
This planet, through the deep profound
That on sublimely goeth,
Is one vast mass of Union,
As truthful Science showeth.

And all the wonder-works of man
Earth is for ever bearing,
Are stamp'd by Union's regal hand,
As trophies of her daring,—
From those vast monuments that stand
In Afric's burning regions,
To the leviathans that bear
Abroad Old England's legions.

By Union we hope to tread
Yon Russian world-scurge under,
And burst, in Liberty's great name,
Mankind's slave-chains asunder ;
Yea, time shall be when Union
All earth shall be surrounding,
And love and goodly fellowship
Shall be with men abounding.

Come, join we then, for all that 's good
And noble, true and holy ;
The strong with weak, the great with small,
The wealthy with the lowly ;
A living chain of Union,
Of high heart-pulses beating,
The echoes of whose throbbing links
All earth shall be repeating.

For Progress lies in Unity,
And all corruptions vanish
Before it, for its pow'r is great
Old standing wrongs to banish ;
In broken ranks man scarce could hope
His foothold to be keeping,
But Union beholds him strong,
O'er earth's broad surface sweeping.

THE PEN AND THE PRESS.

RED Battle 'has harness'd himself for the war,
And led forth his myriads of men,
The tramp of his legions has shaken the earth,—
Ah, what shall the issue be then?—
Dark Havock and Death, sweeping on through the
world,
For bared is the merciless sword,
And Freedom has summon'd the nations to arms,—
A despot would be the world's lord.

And we will go forth, but our weapons shall be
Not baleful, yet mightier far;
With th' Pen and the Press, in the light of the
mind,
'Gainst Darkness and Error we'll war;
We'll strive for the Truth, wheresoever it is,
For Right we will put forth our strength;
We know that the twain yet triumphant shall be
Through th' breadth of the earth and its length.

From th' wealth of the soul the all-magical Pen
Shall draw forth a bountiful store;
The day-spring of knowledge effulgent shall shine,
And lighten up every shore:
The Press, the puissant ally of the Pen,
Shall limitless scope to it give,
And deep things of wisdom, through ages unborn,
In glory unfading shall live.

When back to the scabbard the sword shall return,
And Peace shall again lift her head,
'Midst all our rejoicings, a voice shall be heard,
To wail for the thousands of dead ;
The widow and orphan, for many a day,
In th' sadness and darkness of life,
Shall tell how their dearest were taken away,
To fall on the red field of strife.

But th' Pen and the Press, wheresoever *they* go,
A desolate waste ever find ;
They conquer—and lo ! 'tis their glory to leave
A garden of Eden behind ;
T' give strength to the weak, and bless'd sight to
the blind,
For night the glad sunshine of day,
And grant the dark soul, for its garment of rags,
A robe of resplendent array.

THE DAYS OF OLD.—No. I.

THE days of old,—oh, what were they,
But darkly clouded years,
With scarce a glimm'ring knowledge-ray,
To chase away the fears
That Superstition twined around
Our fathers' spirits bold,
Whilst Error kept them prison-bound ?—
These were the days of old.

The days of old,—ah, then it was
That Serfdom's iron hand
In galling chains held mighty men,
A crush'd and mourning band ;
Then blind-eyed Justice pass'd by crime,
And took the proffer'd gold ;
This was the vaunted happy time,
“The merry days of old.”

The days of old,—could we at will
Revive such hollow pride,
We would not work so great an ill,
To check the world's heart-tide ;
'Twould be to quench Hope's starry light
In midnight black and cold,
And all her buds of promise blight,
By days like those of old.

The days of old—whate'er their boast,
Of glory and of pow'r—
Have never own'd a nobler host
Than does the present hour,
When yearning souls, on eager wings,
Soar upward, free and bold,
In earnest search for “better things”
Than those dark days of old.

The days of old,—the strongest claim
They have on mem'ry still,
Rests with a few—of deathless fame
And self-devoted will—

World-martyrs, who from love of right
Ne'er swerved for life or gold,
Who dimly saw Truth's beacon-light,
Beyond the days of old.

The days of old,—oh, never may
Such times come o'er again,
Too brightly shineth Wisdom's day,
Too wide is Freedom's reign ;
But oft around the social hearth
Shall legends strange be told,
Of those dark days that shadow'd earth,
The stormy days of old.

THE DAYS OF OLD.—No. II.

TO A FRIEND, IN DEFENCE OF THE ABOVE.

WHEN first my zealous hand essay'd to write
Of olden days, and of the dreary night
That, dark and dismal, cast its shades around
The sons of men, with Stygian gloom profound,
I little thought to take the pen again,
To justify that long-since written strain.

Now, first, I were a dolt, in very deed,
Should I, to serve a purpose, at my need,
Deny that there were men in olden days,
To whom the latest hour of time shall raise

The voice of thanks, and to each honour'd name
Rear trophies, to commemorate its fame—
Minds that, in regal majesty sublime,
Stood on the topmost pinnacles of Time,
And beckon'd on mankind to climb the steeps
That overlook great Wisdom's hoary deeps ;
But they were few, those beacons of the night,
And the world's darkness gave them marv'llous
light,

When crowned heads oft could not spell a name,
And thought it no disgrace, and felt no shame ;
The very contrast spread their lustre wide,
Like meteors that through blackest midnight
glide.

Again, "the cloister'd monks" I did not name,
Nor ever sought to rob them of such fame,
As men of these "utilitarian days"
May *justly* furnish to their saintships' praise,
Though I conceive that, if they ne'er had wrought,
The records of old Rome might have been brought,
With all the tales of Greece's glowing prime,
Through other channels to the present time,
And we had known, what now we know full well,
That, notwithstanding all the fame they tell,
Of deeds and wisdom proudly call'd their own,
Still *darkly* bow'd to gods of wood and stone
Greece in her glory—Rome in all her pow'r,
Benighted even in their mightiest hour.
I know that many tomes of classic lore
Found shelter safe among the valued store

Of priceless records on monastic shelves,
But this can never clear the monks themselves ;
Though some were learned, pious, wise, and true,
The greater part were but a useless crew,
Who ate the fatness of the groaning land,
And craved for more, though full on ev'ry hand,
Whilst many a beadsman, in his " holy " cell,
Could not translate the pray'rs he said so well.

Then as for deeds, the whole crusading host
Were but a sad example, at the most,
Of human lives in daring thrown away,
Strength madly wasted in a fruitless fray,
Not to be mated with such acts as stand
Bless'd Freedom's bulwarks in the Crimean land ;
Though for the prowess of the red-cross knight—
Who met the Moslem fierce in deadly fight—
Deep admiration's glowing thrill I feel,
I cannot, dare not praise the bigot zeal
That call'd to arms those fiery western bands,
And sent them forth, a scourge to eastern lands.

The " days of old " *were* dark, in spite of light
That glimmer'd or blazed forth amidst the night :
The ark that rode the Flood's wild-surfing wave
Made not the less the world an awful grave ;
And Goshen, bright and fair, from Egypt's land
Kept not the plague or the destroying hand :
We might as well receive Mahomet's creed,
Because the Saracens were wise, indeed,
When learning, well-nigh dead in Christian clime,
Found refuge with Almanzor for a time,

As linger fondly round the “days of old,”
Because *some* good things may of them be told :
And no “poetic license” need I claim,
But solid truth alone, when I would aim
To bind upon the Present’s glorious brow
The wreath of honour, and affirm that Now
Is better far, when all its ills are told,
For soul and body, than the “days of old ;”
Though, notwithstanding all that has been done,
Broad tracts of wilderness remain unwon,
And zeal and labour must with us abound,
Lest weeds should cumber up the reclaim’d ground.
Who would step back some cent’ries less or more,
And be a dweller in the times of yore ?
Who would resign our English freedom’s fame,
For feudal bread and serfdom’s hateful name ?
If such were days of liberty, indeed,
Why did our fathers struggle to be freed ?
If souls were then unfetter’d, why, forsooth,
Fell there so many martyrs for the truth ?
Why oft were those on whom fair Wisdom smiled,
Doom’d to foul death, imprison’d, or exiled ?
I would not spoil one patriot of his crown,
One monument of genius topple down,
Or pluck one garland from the ancient Past,
Or see it into cold oblivion cast ;
But, giving honour where the same is due,
Claim to speak strongly of its evils too,
That, like a flood, o’erwhelm’d the social form,
Till Freedom’s champions overtopp’d the storm,

And laid foundations on which we might raise
Great superstructures in "degenerate days."—
Degenerate days? Why you yourself declare,
With the same pen, that we make progress fair,
And glory that our own peculiar class
Has gather'd energy, at length, to pass
The bound'ry line, that, Jordan-like, divides
The realm of Hope from where Despair abides.
Degenerate days? The firmament of soul
Is thick with stars that in their courses roll—
Minds that with heav'nly radiance brightly shine,
Effulgent with the beams of truth divine,
That, had they lived in your loved "days of old,"
Had in that brilliant host been ne'er enroll'd,
But, darkly buried in the social gloom,
Unnoticed lived, unheeded met their doom.

HOPE ON.

Oh, never say, "I cannot;" try—hope on;
Fail not in courage; let thy will be strong;

For "with the will there ever is a way."
The leaflet on yon tree, or the frail flow'r
Beneath, were they made perfect in an hour?
Or grew the tree itself within a day?

From efforts small oft-times great things arise;
Lo, Egypt's pyramids, that dare the skies,
Are nought but mighty piles of stone on stone.

Acorns spring up to oaks ; and gath'ring drops
Of rain may breed a flood. What sometimes stops
The course of rivers ?—dust and weeds alone.

Hope on ; one hour of striving hope hath praise
Beyond a score of hopeless idle days ;
Forget not steel is temper'd in the fire ;
And let thy failures serve to give the strength
To persevere ; thou shall succeed at length,
And reach the goal to which thine hopes aspire.

WAR AND PEACE.

With frenzied eye and armed hand,
A huge, terrific form,
Whose simoom-breath sweeps o'er the earth
In devastating storm,
Whose burning footsteps leave behind
A crimson track of blood,
The thousand terrors of whose train
Roll onward like a flood,
While all earth's happiness becomes
A helpless, hopeless prey,
As the fell monster, leagued with Death,
Pursues his fatal way ;—
This is the demon War !

Of heav'nly birth, majestic mien,
And clad in robes of light,
Beneath whose tread earth's choicest gifts
Spring up to glad the sight,
While Love and Joy go hand in hand,
And songs before her sing,
And children gambol round her steps,
And to her raiment cling ;
No cloud, no shadow o'er her path,
All sunshine, and all hope,
While sturdy Labour 'neath her reign
Finds ample, fruitful scope ;—
This is the angel Peace !

Away, away, then, ruthless War ;
Come hither, gentle Peace,
And let thy genial influence
O'er Britain's isle increase ;
Our valleys clothe with waving grain,
Our arts still multiply,
And, in the halo of thy smile,
Bid Science soar on high ;
Oh ! dwell with us, and then we shall
In very deed be blest,
And loving hearts, in happy homes,
Beneath the wings shall rest
Of the bright angel Peace !

LAYS OF THE HEART.

ON THE DEATH OF THE GREAT DUKE.

Oh weep, England, weep ! through thy wide-
spreading regions,

For captive is taken thy mightiest chief ;
And he who led onward thy conquering legions
Has gone to the grave, like an autumnal leaf.
Then mourn, England, mourn ! bow thy proud head
in sorrow,

The Hector of Britain has sigh'd his last breath :
Bright earth, in its beauty, for him hath no morrow ;
The light of his eagle eye's darken'd in death.

Oh England, bereft, cry aloud in thy sadness ;
Heap ashes of bitterness over thy head ;
All hush'd be the voice of thy mirth and thy
gladness ;

Go, bitterly mourn o'er thy glorious dead ;
Bear deep in thy bosom his heart-written story ;
Engrave on thy mem'ry each valorous deed ;
Oh, who shall tread after the steps of his glory,
And give to thy noblest the full of his meed ?

For hear ye the voice from fair Portugal swelling,
 And mingling with murmurs from vine-cover'd
 Spain ?

The tongue of the world is her gratitude telling,
 For deeds that unrivett'd tyranny's chain.
 And hark to the shouts that, with wild repetition,
 Roll over the crest of the deep startled wave,
 From Waterloo's plains, where the pride of Am-
 bition
 Lies darkly entomb'd by the side of the brave.

Ah weep, England, weep ! for the wisdom that aided
 And guided thy councils shall no more be heard ;
 The voice of the wise has all suddenly faded
 Away from the ear, like the song of a bird ;
 As th' blast of the tempest bears down, in their
 glory,
 The pine that grows highest upon the rude
 rock—

The oak of the forest, gigantic and hoary,
 Uptorn from the soil by the hurricane's shock.

The battle's not always to valour or numbers ;
 The shield of the Mighty was over him spread ;
 And now, when his body lies lock'd in death's
 slumbers,

We'll hope for the spirit that's not with the dead.
 Then count not too strictly the sum of his failings ;
 Let him that is perfect first lift up the hand ;
 Remember his virtues, with grateful bewailings,
 And mourn for the chieftain that's lost to our land.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

THEY say "the rose as sweet would smell,
If known by other name,"
The daisy, and the vi'let's bell
Would bud and bloom the same ;
The vault of heav'n would be as blue,
The stars would shine as bright,
The sun would be as clear to view,
And dark as now the night.

What's in a name ? Oh, there is much
Of moment in such word,
If, by its gently falling touch,
The heart-strings shall be stirr'd,
And waken'd mem'ry be sent back
To scenes of weal or woe,
And glimpses of the chequer'd track
We trod long, long ago.

What's in a name ? Didst thou ne'er see
The bright cheek lose its red,
And, for a startled moment, be
Like features of the dead ?
Hast thou not mark'd the pale face change
To deep carnation hue,
When one dear name, from lips all strange,
Recall'd a tale too true ?

What's in a name ? Ofttimes it thrills
Lute-like, upon the ear,
Reminding of those pleasant rills
Our childhood loved to hear ;
The merry songs the spring birds sung,
The joyous summer day,
The snowballs that cold winter flung,
The gambols in the hay.

What's in a name ? Oft does it tell
Of one in distant land,
Some child or brother who may dwell
Upon a foreign strand—
Some sister dear we long to kiss,
And pour our blessings o'er,
Whose form beside the hearth we miss,
And may behold no more.

What's in a name ? Oh, few there are
Who have not some dear one,
Some brightly shining leading-star,
That lights the pilgrim on ;
And crush'd and bleeding is the heart
Of him who treads the earth,
No voice its comfort to impart,
Or cheer him with its mirth.

TO MY WIFE.

A LITTLE golden-headed flow'r
Sprang from a mountain's side ;
It would have graced a bridal wreath,
But there it droop'd and died ;
Died—not because its proper term
Of blooming life was o'er,
But wither'd when the rain-drops ceased,
And nurtured it no more.

And thou to me art all in all,
As raindrops to the flow'r,
And in thy smile alone I see
The light of life's short hour.
I bless thee, love, and e'en the day
That usher'd in thy birth,
And trust that many bright years lie
Before thy path on earth.

TO A FRIEND,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

AH, what a sense of loneliness
Clings darkling round the heart,
When one we love the best on earth
Is summon'd to depart,

And, broken-string'd, the harp of life
Gives out no music-strain,
Save the low, wailing sounds that come
Through mem'ry's sad refrain.

Dear friend of mine, though such thy lot,
And the dull grave has claim'd
Her who was erst thy soul's delight,
Thy best belovèd named ;
Yet comfort take ; Death only makes
The mortal part his prize ;
The soul ethereal finds a home
Of bliss, in yonder skies.

No gloomy retrospect is thine,
Of bitterness and strife ;
No clouds hang o'er the vision'd past
That mark'd thy wedded life ;
But thou canst fondly backward gaze
On days of bliss no more,
Now her frail bark of life has reach'd,
At length, th' eternal shore.

Dear to thine inmost heart, indeed,
Shall her remembrance be,
Whose love from deep heart-fountains flow'd,
Exhaustless still for thee ;
And thou shalt teach, in after years,
Thy children to revere
The mem'ry of a mother true,
For such they found in her.

For their dear sakes, then, cheer thee, friend,
And nerve afresh thy heart ;
For lost love's pledges lift thy head,
And play the manly part ;
Oh, if from yonder happy spheres
The souls in bliss look down,
Her spirit on thy work may gaze,
Her smile thy efforts crown.

TO MY DEPARTED CHILDREN.

YE are gone, but the trace of your presence
remaineth,
Like a halo of love, round each deep-wounded
heart,
For the light of your eyes and your voices of
gladness
In remembrance will live, and shall never depart ;
Though the tear-drops may cease from the eyes that
are weeping,
And the well-spring of grief may no more over-
flow,
Yet the chords of our hearts will be tender as
ever,
And still thrill with your mem'ry wherever we
go.

Ye are gone, yet your forms seem to linger around
us,

In our dreamings by night, and our visions by
day ;

Ye are gone, but, though vast is the gulf now
between us,

Soon your home shall be ours—we will come
when we may :

Though the beauties of nature around us be dying,
And the music of earth breathes a vanishing
strain,

Yet we heed not ; fresh treasures their loss is
supplying ;

It is not so with you ; we would see you again.

Ye are gone, ere the workings of frail human
passions

Could imprint one dark stain on your spirits so
pure,

Ye have pass'd to the kingdom of unfading glory,

We've no doubting of this—we believe, and are
sure.

Oh ! bright angels were watching and waiting
around you,

Sent to lessen the pangs of your parting with
earth,

And then bear ye away to the child-loving Saviour,

To the land where the joys of the blessed have
birth.

As it was of God's goodness He sent ye to bless
us,

So the will of his wisdom has call'd you away ;
Ye had little of time, but we will not regret it,

Ye 've the more of eternity's measureless day.
Oh, then humbly we'll kneel at the footstool of
Mercy,

And submit to the stroke of the chastening rod ;
We believe that each day of our lives bears us
onward,

To a meeting of joy in the kingdom of God.

ALL DIE.

ALL things that are of earth must die,
As tints upon the morning sky,
That all in sapphire brightness lie,
Depart ; and as each blushing streak
Upon sweet ev'ning's lovely cheek,
But of her speedy death doth speak.

All die. The flow'ring gems that gleam
By river-bank or purling stream,
That in the woodland hollows teem,
Or on the grassy lea do lie,
In splendour 'neath the summer sky,
All bud and bloom, all bloom and die.

All die. The green leaves on the trees,
That whisper love-words to the breeze,
And drink its kisses, even these
Do fade, and in brown ruin fall,
And spread o'er earth a deathly pall,
A voiceless warning cry to all.

All die. Good, evil, aged, and young,
The infant, with its lisping tongue,
Grey-headed sire, strong-sinew'd son,
Pass from the world: not so above;
There never faileth life, and love
From love no death shall e'er remove.

Life is eternal in high heav'n,
Where rest is to the weary giv'n,
And friend from friend no more is riv'n,
Where peace is endless as the day,
And gloom and sorrow bear no sway,
Nor pain, nor evil, nor decay.

A DIRGE AT SEA.

BURY him deep,
Where wild winds sweep
Above the curling billow;
The dank seaweed
And broken reed
Shall be his last lone pillow.

He fought in th' might
Of conscious right,
And long shall live his story ;
His lamp of life,
In Freedom's strife,
Went out in triumph-glory.

Bury him deep,
Where storm-clouds weep,
For him there comes no morrow ;
Let eyes be dim
With grief for him,
And hearts grow dark with sorrow.

TO MY PARENTS,

ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR MARRIAGE.

As swift as light our days pass by,
In sunshine or in sorrow,
And, bright or dark, refuse to stay,
But flee before the morrow ;
Yet still, like mighty fires, they leave
Their embers dimly burning,
To light the shadows of the Past,
When Mem'ry is returning,
With sad or cheerful steps, along
The path of years long vanish'd,
Revisiting the scenes of yore,
We thought for ever banish'd.

And doubly bless'd, indeed, are they,
To whom by Heaven 'tis granted,
To find the seeds of early days,
That by life's stream they planted,
Grown up to stately trees, that cast
Cool shadows o'er the Present,
Whose bending boughs bear fruitage rich,
Of all things good and pleasant ;
And, by Time's glowing embers' light,
In high and holy places,
See thoughts and deeds come back again,
Like smiling angel faces.

And such must be your blissful lot,
Who, now life's sun 's declining,
Behold the star of filial love
Above you brightly shining ;
And hear not, from a single tongue,
The voice of dark upbraiding,
The retrospect of bygone days
With gloomy conscience shading ;
But reach this jubilee of love,
With children's children round you,
Still happy in the vows that have
For fifty summers bound you.

SONGS.

SNOW-FLAKES.

THE merry, dancing flakes of snow,
 Fantastic round us cast,
When speaketh, in a braggart tone,
 The burly northern blast,—
In eddies borne upon his breath,
 And scatter'd to and fro,
Oh, well I love to see them come,
 Those merry flakes of snow !

The merry, dancing flakes of snow,
 How fairy-like they fall,
And clothe the earth in virgin robes,
 Without one stain at all,
So beautifully fair and bright,
 That, if we did not know,
We scarce should think the dark old earth
 Lay hid beneath the snow.

The merry, dancing flakes of snow,
They call to mind the day
When, gather'd in my tiny hands,
They made my winter's play ;
But years, alas, glide swiftly by,
Scarce noticed as they go,
And melt beneath the hand of Time,
Like falling flakes of snow.

The merry, dancing flakes of snow,
That fall around our way,
And play their elfin gambols up
By wintry night or day,
Before the breath of sunny Spring,
Away, away they go,
And lovely flowers take the place
Of falling flakes of snow.

THE SPRING HAS COME !

THE Spring has come, the Spring has come !
And Winter's reign is o'er,
His icy winds, and drifting snows,
And hoary frosts no more
Rule o'er the earth, for Spring has come,
And, with her magic breath,
Has call'd to life unnumber'd things
That seem'd to sleep in death.

The Spring has come, the Spring has come!
And Nature leaps with glee;
The birds are twitt'ring on the boughs
Of ev'ry new-leaf'd tree
That waves its branches in the sun,
And whispers to the wind,
"The Spring has come, and all is gay;
I must not be behind."

The Spring has come, the Spring has come!
With all her lovely flow'rs,
And hung them, in profusion bright,
About a myriad bow'rs;
In silver stars, and golden balls,
And many-tinted bells,
They gem the gardens, sweet and fair,
And deck the woodland dells.

The Spring has come, the Spring has come!
The streamlets are set free,
And murmur out their tuneful joy,
As through the verdant lea,
Or leafy wood, they singing go,
Beneath the ruddy sun,
The magic of whose gen'rous beams
Their fetters has undone.

The Spring has come, the Spring has come!
The blushing, bounteous Spring;
The hearts of men again rejoice,
Aloud their welcomes ring;

Bright Summer's lovely harbinger,
We hail her sunny time ;—
Oh ! radiant Spring is here again,
In all her beauty's prime.

BRITANNIA, RISE !

WRITTEN AT THE OPENING OF THE WAR.

SINCE Peace may not with Honour bide,
And War is in the field,
Britannia, rise, and grasp again
The warrior's sword and shield :
Red-crested Battle shouts from far,
And Justice cries aloud,
Whilst darkling o'er the troubled East
Hangs Havock's raven cloud.

Thou Amazonian queen, whose arm,
Strung with an iron nerve,
In rightful cause was ever found
The foremost still to serve—
Thou that in lonely valour stood'st
When Europe prostrate lay,
Help of the weak, O wave-queen, rise,
And thine shall be the day.

The time is gone, when Might alone
Held iron-sceptred sway,
Whilst Right, beneath his crushing heel,
All bruised and bleeding lay;
Now Right, with lofty crest, doth dare
The tyrant to the war,
And Freedom sheds her world-wide rays
From England's happy shore.

Britannia, rise! since Peace may not
With Honour fair abide,
And be thy part to stem the stream
Of dark ambition's tide.
War—not because thou dost possess
The vantage-ground of might,
But war, because 'tis Justice calls,
And “God defend the right!”

LET'S HONOUR THE BRAVE!

LET's honour the brave, who in battle withstand
The hosts of the tyrant, the foes of our land,
Who fear not to pluck from the verge of the grave
The laurels of Glory;—oh, honour the brave!

Let's honour the brave, whether living or dead,
Who, leaving our England, their dearest blood shed,
And dared ev'ry danger, the helpless to save
From wrong and oppression;—oh, honour the
brave!

Let's honour the brave; may their deeds be
enroll'd

With th' acts of those worthies, so famous of old,
Whose feats to old England a lustre once gave
That shines undiminish'd;—oh, honour the brave!

KNOW YE THE LAND?

Know ye the land where the oak and the ivy
Are emblems of strength and of evergreen pride,
Whose valleys and hills are all clad in the riches
And glories of nature, on every side,
The hearts of whose people are bound as by magic,
To th' world-honour'd land that has given them
birth;

Wherever they wander, their love still will cling to
That one cherish'd spot, as the gem of the earth?

Know ye the land where the foot of the foeman
Dares never intrude on its billow-bound shore,
Whose sons are the champions of Liberty, chosen
To bear her broad banner the mighty world o'er;
That thrice-blessed land, where the serf never
trembles,

Or bends to the despot the suppliant knee,
Whose soil is so charm'd, if a slave do but tread it,
His bonds are all broken—he dwells with the
free?

Know ye the land in whose borders fair Freedom
Has set up her court and establish'd her throne,
The sea-girt and glorious isle of the ocean
She bless'd, when she named it Britannia, her
own?
Oh! deep may the springs be that lie in each
bosom,
And well forth in love for Britannia the free;
And long may her sons, by their valour, maintain
her
The Empress of nations—the Queen of the sea!

OLD ENGLAND'S FLAG.

SEND forth our flag, old England's flag!
O'er ocean waves afar,
And let the flaunting ensign be
The oriflamb of war;
Unfurl the banner 'neath whose folds
Our sires stood in might,
And grappled with embattled hosts
For glory and for right.

Send forth our flag, old England's flag!
Foremost in Freedom's van,
'Neath which who stands may deem himself
Indeed an honour'd man;

Dark stains are on its ample folds,
And on its silken fringe,—
Red life-drops from earth's bravest hearts
Bestow'd that priceless tinge.

Send forth our flag ! a despot's sword
Has found a bloody sheath,
And shall we sully o'er the fame
Our fathers did bequeath ?
Shall we be deaf when Justice calls,
Nor heed her troubled cry ?
St. George forefend in English breasts
Such craven hearts should lie.

Send forth our flag, old England's flag !
Begirt with valiant men,
With souls of fire, and arms of strength,
And who dare harm it then ?
With fresher glory shall it come
From life-dyed wave and field,
For liberty and peace shall be
The fruits such war shall yield.

BALAKLAVA.

THE LIGHT CAVALRY CHARGE.

To o'ercome yon dense mass surely hope there is
none ;
Yet the gauntlet of death they make ready to run ;

There's a lifting of heart in each soul-hidden
 pray'r,
And then nought but the stern-purposed warriors
 are there,
While the firm compress'd lip and the bright
 glancing eye
Are an index of men who will conquer or die.

Oh ! no blanching of cheek and no quailing of eye
Might ye note, as those horsemen rode gallantly
 by,
With the speed of the whirlwind, with death on
 each crest,
As the eagle that swoops from its high mountain
 nest,
While the gleaming of sabre, and helmet, and
 plume,
Like a halo of hope, mark'd that pathway of doom.

Then no thought but of vict'ry and honour arose,
As they swept, like a hurricane, full on their
 foes ;
With their lances low levell'd, their swords lifted
 high,
On they sped, as the aërolite falls from the sky ;
And they smote as the thunderbolt smiteth the
 rock,
When the mountain is rent by the force of the
 shock.

See, the Russians count thousands; but hundreds
they tell,

Yet they keep up the old British valour right well;
Still, with death in the rear, on the flanks, in the
van,

Can there ever return from that conflict one man,
Who shall tell in Old England the glorious tale
Of the few that made thousands with terror turn
pale?

Once across that dark valley of slaughter they've
sped,

And their course may be traced by the dying and
dead;

By the rifle and cannon their ranks have been
torn;

But a remnant remains of the pride of that morn;
Yet again through that valley right onward they go,
In despite of the shell and the o'erwhelming foe.

With the courage of martyrs who fear not to die,
They retreat, but retreating all onsets defy,
And a terrible home-path before them they cleave,
As a tale for all ages behind them they leave,
Written deep in the blood of the hundreds of dead,
Where the Angel-Destroyer exulting doth tread.

Oh! right proudly, indeed, may our bosoms then
swell;

We are kindred in blood to the heroes who fell;

And the mighty of heart that in triumph return'd,
Are the men over whom our affections have
 yearn'd;
And undying the glory, unfading the fame,
That for ever shall cling round each valiant one's
 name.

THE GUIDING STAR.

Music published by Mr. B. Williams, Paternoster-row.

THERE is a star that shines on high,
 Where sun-bright systems burn,
To which the ocean wand'rer oft
 His watchful eye does turn,
The light of heav'n that guides his bark
 O'er wildest waves afar;
Without it, all the sky were dark,
 His brilliant guiding star.

And there is one whose beaming eye
 Is lit with constant love,
Whose faith for me can never die,
 True as that orb above;
In weal or woe, to her I turn;
 No ill my bliss can mar,
Whilst I, a world-tost mariner,
 Have such a guiding star.

BRITANNIA.

I WOULD not be a denizen
Of any other clime
Than where Britannia sits enthroned,
In dignity sublime :
Her snow-white cliffs for aye defy
The billows at their feet,
And proudly lift their heads on high,
Though raging tempests meet.
A potent queen she is on land,
A sov'reign on the sea ;
Oh ! is it not a glorious thing
A child of hers to be ?

As from Britannia's rugged rocks
The ocean waves are hurl'd,
So she herself a bulwark is
Of Freedom through the world ;
With two-edged sword, by sea and land,
She keeps her sacred trust,
The refuge of oppress'd mankind,—
The mighty and the just.
A potent queen she is on land,
A sov'reign on the sea ;
Oh ! is it not a glorious thing
A child of hers to be ?

From sea to sea her glory shines,
And lightens ev'ry shore ;
It glows in India's burning clime
And snow-bound Labrador ;
It gilds the southern hemisphere ;
It beams upon the west ;
And nations flourish in its rays,
And call Britannia bless'd.
A potent queen she is on land,
A sov'reign on the sea ;
Indeed it is a glorious thing
A child of hers to be.

THE FAIRY'S CUP.

" COME, taste of my cup ; it is fast overflowing
With th' waters of joy, in a bountiful stream ;
The glistening drops in the sunlight are glowing,
As bright as the gems that in Fairyland gleam."
'Twas thus, when the beams of the wakening
morning
Their glances of light through the green forest
flung,
Whilst blossoms were meadow and streamlet
adorning,
'Twas thus that a spirit from Fairyland sung.
" Come, taste of my cup," &c.

“Come, taste of my cup ; it is fill’d from Hope’s
fountains,
The fresh dews of morning within it do fall,
'Tis breathed o’er by winds from fair Araby’s
mountains,
And the balm of contentment doth sweeten it all.
Then, drink of my cup ; it will chase away sorrow ;
Its charm can uncloud the dark brow of Despair ;
Thou’lt look with a smile on the deeply-veil’d
morrow,
And deem nought but happiness waiteth thee
there.

“Come, taste of my cup,” &c.

A SEASON SONG.

OH ! ripe and ruddy Autumn, now
Thou givest once again
A rich reward to anxious man
For all his toil and pain ;
Thou art a queen, a stately queen,
Among the Graces three,
For lovely Spring and Summer bright
Are handmaids unto thee ;
Right royally, with lavish hand,
Thou spread’st o’er hill and plain
The luscious symbols that proclaim
The lustre of thy reign.

Oh! gentle, bounteous Autumn queen,
Brown daughter of the sun,
Effulgently thou tread'st the path
His burning coursers run;
Thou lay'st thy magic wand upon
The green and tender grain,
And full-ear'd harvests gladden earth
With teeming fields again;
The bough that bends with golden fruit,
The purple-cluster'd vine,
Oh! ripe and ruddy Autumn queen,
Are thine and only thine.

Oh! bless'd and blessing Autumn queen,
Commission'd from above
To gem the matron breast of earth
With jewels of God's love;
The green hill-sides are wild with glee,—
The valleys swell with song,—
The everlasting mountain-tops
The anthem-peals prolong,—
And all the kindreds of mankind,
In one great rapture-strain,
Sing praise to Him who bade thee fill
Their garners once again.

FAREWELL, YE HAPPY HOURS.

Music published by Mr. B. Williams, Paternoster-row.

AN! once I was a happy girl,
A child of life and light,
My golden tresses, floating wild,
Cast back the sunbeams bright;
I whiled away the summer days
With dance and song of glee,
Or weaving lovely coronals
With blossoms from the lea;
I had no shadow o'er my heart,
To pleasure no alloy,
But as each fleeting moment pass'd,
Another came in joy.

I never thought that love could die,
Like some frail summer flow'r,
Or like the glowing tints that gild
The skies at sunset hour;
But falsehood and deceit have dimm'd
My spirit's joy and light,
And faithless love with clouds o'ercast
Those days so dreamy bright.
Farewell, farewell, ye happy hours,
Your mem'ry giveth pain;
Ye cannot lend your soothing pow'rs
To cheer my soul again.

LABOUR.

Lo, I am he whose brawny strength
The world has ever sung,
With praises of whose giant acts
All earth has ever rung ;
There's not a temple built to Fame,
No wonder-work of art,
But I uprear'd or form'd the same,
And play'd the master-part.

Oh I, like Atlas famed of old,
Upon my shoulders bear
The burden of the vasty globe,
With all its treasures rare ;
For earth would be a wilderness,
If I withheld my hand,
The nations' pulses cease to beat,
Their life-tide stagnant stand.

The lowly tiller of the soil,
The king who wears a crown,
Alike are nourish'd by my hand,
And must to me bow down.
The glories of my high renown
Throughout earth's circuit ring,
And wondrous Labour is the theme
Exulting millions sing.

A SONG FOR OLD TIME.

A song for old Time, as he strides o'er the world,
The lord of the vanishing hours,
For though he destroyeth the hoary-crown'd oak,
He also gives birth to the flow'rs.
In winterly winds though he sweeps o'er the land,
And th' blast of his wrath rages high,
He leaveth them soon for the odorous breath
Of spring, and the summertide sky.

Then a song for old Time, &c.

A song for the reaper that ever speeds on
His weariless course o'er the earth,
For though he does gather the locks that are grey,
To bright-beaming eyes he gives birth.
He plucketh the fruit that hangs ripe on the bough,
But soweth fresh seed on his way ;
He taketh the useless, and leaves us instead
The beautiful, youthful, and gay.

Then a song for old Time, &c.

THE WINTERTIDE.

OH ! Spring she has the early flow'r,
The em'rald-garnish'd lea,
The blooming may, the new-leaf'd bow'r,
And young birds' minstrelsy ;

And pearls so fair bedeck her hair,
Of glist'ring rain-drops bright,
While blossoms sweet around her feet
Begem her path of light.
Yet give me not the maiden Spring,
Though many charms hath she ;
The grey old stormy Wintertide
Is dearer far to me.

Bright Summer has the sunny time,
The rapid sparkling rill,
All nature in its glory's prime
O'er ev'ry vale and hill ;
Her tresses shine with beams divine
Of full and radiant day ;
Her honey'd lips the wild bee sips ;
Her wreath are roses gay.
Yet give me not the Summer bright,
Though many charms hath she ;
The grey old Winter's stormy night
Is dearer far to me.

Brown Autumn has the vintage red,
And ringing laugh of glee,
The juicy wealth by nature shed
On ev'ry laden tree ;
Her hand doth hold the yellow gold
Of ripen'd harvest-ear,
And o'er her waving fields there rings
The reaper's song of cheer.

Yet give me not brown Autumntide,
Though many charms hath she ;
The grey old Winter's stormy pride
Is dearer far to me.

There is a stern solemnity
About cold Winter's hour,
A sturdy might that seems to hold
All things within its pow'r,
And yet withal a gentleness
That has for me its charms,
To see him wrap the tired earth
Within his snowy arms ;
So thus I sing in Winter's praise ;
Though strange it seems to be,
His stormy winds and hoary frosts
Have still a joy for me.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

A CHRISTMAS LAY.

HARK ! heard ye not the merry laugh,
The sound of joyous song,
The bursting shout, the wild hurrah,
Borne by the breeze along ?
It is the advent of a king,
The lord of mirth and cheer,
A noble-hearted, gallant soul,
Who greets us once a year ;
He cometh at the dreary time
When th' year is growing old,
And burly winds are blust'ring loud,
And days are dark and cold.

A lordly home hath he, I ween,
Far in the frozen north,
From whence, to pay his yearly round,
He stately issues forth ;

The ice-bound mountains pillar up
His noble mansion high,
The starry-spangled roof of which
Is the unmeasured sky ;
Boreas is his harbinger,
Lord of the northern wind,
And storm and hail, and frost and snow,
Come trooping up behind.

A shining crown of holly green—
Bedeck'd with frozen gem,
And berry red, and laurel leaf—
Is his bright diadem ;
The shaggy bear and arctic fox
Do give him robes of state,
And blazing pile and glaring torch
Upon his progress wait,
While on his jocund-rounded cheeks
There sits red-visaged health,
And Nature is the treasurer
Of all his boundless wealth.

But while he goeth forth with pomp,
A king of giant might,
Full well we know he loves to place
His good cheer in our sight ;
For he who wears the holly crown
Enwreath'd with laurel leaf,
A deadly warfare holds with care
And hates the name of grief ;

And since he knows that hunger is
A friend to grief and care,
He wisely opens wide his halls,
And spreads a table fair.

Now would ye ask of me the name
Of this same sturdy lord,
I have a notion that ye oft
Have feasted at his board ;
And when he made a merry ring,
And call'd ye to the game,
With jetty locks or silv'ry hair
Right gladsome round ye came.
'Tis Christmas old, who ever comes
To light the darksome times,
And cheer the year's last moments with
His merry-pealing chimes.

CHRISTMAS.

SAY, who is he that yonder comes with such a
smiling face,
That treads upon the frozen land with such a
stately pace ?
Oh ! ye may know him by the glow
Upon his ruddy cheeks,
And by the robing white of snow,
That Christmas old bespeaks ;—

Yes, welcome to thee, Christmas dear,
With all thy ever-flowing cheer,
 Thou berry-crown'd,
 And holly-bound,
Blithe, merry-hearted Christmas.

Say, who is he that cometh with the tints of
 morning grey,
That brushes o'er his early path the frostlets from
 the spray?
Oh! ye may know him by the song
 That bursts from out his lips,
And by the cup he bears along
 From which he ofttimes sips;—
Yes, blessings on thee, Christmas dear,
With all thy ever-flowing cheer,
 Thou berry-crown'd,
 And holly-bound,
Blithe, merry-hearted Christmas.

Say, who is he that greets us thus, with such a
 jolly train,
Who carol forth their merriment in laughing,
 joyous strain?
Oh! ye may know him by the wreath
 Each of that train does bear,
The hearty greeting each doth breathe,
 Their freedom from all care;—
Yes, welcome to thee, Christmas dear,
With all thy ever-flowing cheer,

—

Thou berry-crown'd,
And holly-bound,
Blithe, merry-hearted Christmas.

Who steps across our threshold now, in ermined
robes array'd,
And welcomed by the beaming eyes of many a
blooming maid?
Oh! know him by the misletoe
That high above he bears,
And by the kisses 'neath its bough
So lavishly he shares;—
Yes, blessings on thee, Christmas dear,
With all thy ever-flowing cheer,
Thou berry-crown'd,
And holly-bound,
Blithe, merry-hearted Christmas.

Say, who is he that sitteth by the blazing ingle-side,
Amid so many graceful forms, and look'd upon with
pride?
Oh! ye may know him by the miles
Some weary ones have come,
To share again the sunny smiles
That light their childhood's home;—
'Tis Christmas, with his heart-warm cheer,
Who bids all peace and joy be near,
All berry-crown'd,
And holly-bound,
Blithe, merry-hearted Christmas.

HOLLY BERRIES.

Music published by Mr. B. Williams, Paternoster-row.

Now, a carol we sing for the Berries so bright,
For they cheer with their presence the dark
Winter's night,

And he over them flings his broad mantle of snow,
And though cold be the season, yet hardy they
grow.

Oh! the holly's red gems come in chill wintertide,
When the willow droops bare by the dull river-side,
And the streamlets are frozen, the flow'rets all
dead,

Then hurrah, then hurrah, for the Berries so red!

Holly Berries bright—Holly Berries red!

From the close of day to its dawning,

Beneath the red berry

We'll dance and be merry,

Till the night gives place to the morning.

Oh! the gay Holly Berries at Christmastide come,
And we gather their glories to garnish each home,
And their clusters of pride in the baron's old hall
Are entwined with the laurel on pillar and wall.

Oh! the crimson-hued Berries, say where are they
not,

From the home of the prince to the lowly one's
cot?

In the minster and church are their glories out-
spread,

Then hurrah, then hurrah, for the Berries so red!

Holly Berries bright—Holly Berries red! &c.

Oh! the misletoe beareth a mystical fame,

But the Holly's the knight, and she is but the
dame;

Though the misletoe pearls are the fairest to see,

Yet the ruby-red crown of the Holly for me.

For the misletoe nature no shield ever weaves,

But the Holly is guarded by thorn-armed leaves;

Though a hundred long years may have over it
sped,

Yet the tree it still beareth the Berries so red!

Holly Berries bright—Holly Berries red! &c.

CHRISTMASTIDE.

THE summer's sunny days were gone,

And autumn time was past,

And heavy storms of rain or hail

Came borne upon the blast,

And men went shiv'ring through the streets,

And heavy-hearted Woe

His scanty garments gather'd up,

To shield him from the snow.

The giant trees in forest glades
Uprear'd their branches bare,
For Winter had denuded them
Of all their leaflets fair ;
The streamlets all were icy-bound,
A gloom was o'er the earth,
And Nature seem'd to sorrow o'er
The day that gave her birth.

For loss of spring and summertime
Glad hearts were fill'd with grief,
Till Christmas rose, a sturdy wight,
And came to their relief ;
His silv'ry hair all twined among
Were holly berries red,
And frosty spangles o'er his robe
Their gleaming glories shed :
A blazing torch of mountain pine
Was in his strong right hand ;
The icicles all fled before
His fiercely-flaming brand ;
A gleesome lay he caroll'd forth,—
Of song he knew no dearth,—
And stalwart men were gather'd round,
To listen to his mirth.

And at his magic-sounding lay
The merchant left his gold,
And Want forgot his close friend Care,
And Age that he was old ;

Whilst hearts with love were brimming o'er,
And cheeks with joy did glow,
And red lips met in kisses sweet
Beneath the misletoe.
He raised a flagon in his hand,
And fill'd a bumper up,
Then each and all, both great and small,
Drank of the beaded cup;
And blessings loud on Christmas gay
Were heard on ev'ry side,
And men forgot old Winter stern
In merry Christmastide.

TO THE READER.

FAREWELL, my friend, and if, perchance,
One simple strain of mine
Has pleased thee, then lay the praise
Upon the Muse's shrine.
Or, better still, if to thy soul
One impulse has been lent,
To make thee on the worthy part
Of life more earnest bent,
Then doubly, trebly, is repaid
The poet's grateful task,
And only at thy kindly hands
Would he this favour ask,—

To bear about, where'er thou art,
This precept in thy mind,
"The love thou hast unto thyself
Extend to all mankind."

THE END.

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